

# Daily Tobacco Leaf-Chronicle.

VOL. 4. NO. 58

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14, 1892.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK

## Something Nice for Children

DALY, PEARCE & GREEN have just received a beautiful line of CAPS and TURBANS for the little ones. Call and see them. Also another shipment of the

## <Ladies' Perfection Shoes.>

Their line of MENS' SHOES, HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS ARE COMPLETE. Can fit any foot from the broadest to the narrowest, with PRICES TO SUIT ALL. The best line of

## THREE DOLLAR SHOES

in Clarksville. Come and see for yourself.

## DALY, PEARCE & GREEN



## MILLINERY

## CLOAKS.

We are prepared to show our lady friends the largest and most stylish line of

## Millinery & Cloaks

Ever brought to this city. DRESS TRIMMINGS, KID GLOVES, CORSETS, LACES & other novelties all

At Reasonable Prices.

Respectfully,

MRS. HODGSON & MAGUIRE.

Oct 7, d.w.m.

## FOR THIS WEEK

WE WILL OFFER A SPECIAL

## ALL WOOL HOME-MADE BLANKET

below its actual value. Also a good line of CHEAP COMFORTS.

## New DRESS GOODS

arriving this week. Our stock of Ladies', Misses', and Children's

## UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY

You will find the best in the city. LADIES' CLOAKS for LESS THAN COST.

## R. W. ROACH

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING & OVERCOATS CHEAP.

## Fred. L. Smith & Sons,

—Manufacturers of and Dealers in—

## DOORS, BLINDS, SASH.

Flooring, Window Frames, etc.

No. 607, 609 & 611 Franklin St. near University Ave.

## CLARKSVILLE. - TENN

## FOOT WARMERS

: : : Just what you want for : : :

## COLD FEET

OR A

## NOISELESS SKIPPER

FOR SICK ROOMS AT

## STRATTON'S.

## A RED-LETTER DAY.

Thousands Brought to the City by the Sam Jones Revival.

The Men's Meeting a Notable Occasion—Over \$2,000 Raised and Presented to Mr. Jones as a Thank Offering.

Religiously considered, yesterday was a red-letter day in Clarksville, and none more noteworthy is recalled by the oldest inhabitant. The hall was started to rolling early. Its starting point was the Methodist church, the time 8:30, the occasion a consecration meeting led by Rev. Geo. Stuart, the co-worker of Evangelist Jones. Many earnest Christians gathered in this sanctuary and spent an hour in the service of the Master. In response to a request by Mr. Stuart for a brief expression from any who felt so disposed quite a number exchanged religious experiences, or pleaded for the prayers of Christians for the conversion of their friends. It was a deeply impressive occasion and gladdened the heart of every Christian present.

The morning trains from all points brought excursions to the city yesterday, and the streets and sidewalks early were crowded with the throng drawn hither by the fame of the great evangelist. As early as 9 o'clock streams of men began to pour into the Gateway Warehouse and by 10:30 standing room was at a premium.

Mounting the stand, E. P. Loose, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., stated that he desired to confute several erroneous impressions that had gone abroad. A great man, thought that the collections taken at the various services were for Mr. Jones. This is a mistake. Not a cent of this money is received either by him or the Y. M. C. A. These collections were appropriated wholly to the current expenses of the meeting. As a matter of expediency the Y. M. C. A. had as an organization consented to take general charge of the meeting, principally because the association is composed of young men, who had more time to devote to it than the older business men. Others thought that Mr. Jones was to receive a stipulated sum of money for his services. This also was erroneous. There had been no understanding whatever with Mr. Jones on this point. He had persistently ignored it in all of his correspondence. It was a matter, however, which had given the committee a serious concern. Mr. Loose referred to the great good which had resulted to the community from the labors of Mr. Jones, and said that it was the desire of the committee to return him a suitable thank offering, and to that end he called for voluntary subscriptions to such fund. In a short while the sum of \$1,800 was subscribed in amounts ranging from \$100 to \$5.00. Others then passed through the audience with hats, which ran the amount up to over \$2,000.

It was after 11 o'clock when Mr. Jones announced his text from these words: "What I have written I have written."—John xix, 22.

There are two somethings and one something which will be considered in connection with this text. Conscience and record are the two somethings, and God the one. With this premise, the preacher began a sermon to men, which in many respects was the most noteworthy of the series. Men were told the truth in a fashion that made them think as they never thought before. Especially severe was his denunciation of certain evils with which all communities are afflicted. Man was pictured in all of his moral depravity, and his wickedness in high places shown up with startling effect.

No synopsis of this sermon will be attempted. That it had a most salutary effect goes without saying, for at its close strong men came forward with tears in their eyes and pledged themselves to better lives. Deep conviction permeated the entire assembly, and it is safe to say that seed was there sown which will result in a golden harvest.

The ushers give it as their opinion that the largest crowd of the series of meetings assembled at the Gateway warehouse last night. Before 7 o'clock every seat was taken and still people kept coming. There were many who could not be seated and were compelled to stand. In the absence of Mr. E. O. Excell, who left prior to the service for New Britain, Conn., Mr. C. T. Caldwell, of the University, led the singing.

Before taking his text Mr. Jones told the audience that they might take a rest on the collection question. He then announced services for today and took his text as follows: "If any man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine."—John vii, 17.

"The subject of my sermon to-

night," said he, "is, Christianity a divine experience and not an experiment. At the time Jesus uttered these words he was surrounded by the sharp, cunning Pharisees, by the shrewd calculating Sadducees and the lawyers of the day. They were probing and dissecting, and looking and looking and wondering and questioning, and Jesus looked at them and threw the gauntlet down on the ground at their feet, right in their faces. It is wonderful, but strangely true that all the discoverers in the world's history have met with opposers. They have met with scoffers, and perhaps a large majority of them with contempt and scorn. You know that when Galileo discovered that this world rotated on its axis, the stupid monks arraigned him immediately, and they tried him as a heretic and as a humbug. They convicted him and made him retract. But the wise old man as he walked out whispered to himself, 'And still the world moves.' When Harvey discovered that the blood circulates from the heart and back again the world arraigned him as propounding a false theory and argued against it. When Watt discovered that steam, a bland vapor, had power almost omnipotent the scientists of the day arraigned him and called for the proof. When Morse discovered that you might chain electricity to a wire and that one man could sit a thousand miles from another and hold a conversation with him, the world arraigned him and doubted his discovery. No wonder then that when Jesus Christ discovered a balm in Gilead—a remedy for sin—this world arraigned him as a impostor and crucified him. I don't see how the discovery that the world rotates on its axis changes a fellow's program much. I don't see how the fact that steam, a bland vapor, is omnipotent, could interfere with a man's system of living. The fact that the circulation of the blood is a great discovery does not make a fellow quit lying, or stealing, or anything of that sort. And when it is demonstrated that a man can sit down to-night anywhere in America and hold a friendly conversation with a man in London, that does not make him pray or quit his meanness. It is no wonder that men oppose the science of Christ crucified. All other sciences have had their opposers. No man to-day except the famous preacher of Richmond, doubts the fact that the earth turns on its axis. I believe that he still sticks to it that 'the sun do move.' No one to-day doubts that steam is an almost omnipotent power. I have only to look on those iron horses as they move over the country with their giant power in order to tell the world that steam is power. The moment a physician walks into my room and tells by the accelerated movement of my pulse my condition, I cannot doubt as to the circulation of my blood. No one can doubt the fact that we may sit in this city to-night and talk to a friend in Liverpool. Brother, these grand discoveries in the world of opposers and yet the world despises the best one—the blessed Christ—the greatest discoverer of the ages. Do you know why that is? The greatest discovery ever declared to man is the fact that God can be just, and the justifier of the ungodly. The greatest fact in the universe made known to men is that a poor man may have his sins forgiven, and may make his peace with God, and die in faith and go home to heaven. And yet while the opposition which these other great discoveries met, has died out, still to-day, after the blood-washed throngs of earth have been marching home to God for 1,800 years; after our precious mothers and pious fathers have marched into heaven under this gracious banner, and after all that his blessed scheme of redemption has done for our race, there are thousands and millions of men who despise Jesus Christ and reject him as a grand discoverer, with all the power of their nature."

Here Mr. Jones went into the opposition that was placed in the paths of the early discoverers, finally showing how they surmounted all obstacles and made their names immortal. Doubt, he said, is the great foe of Christianity. If men would not doubt they would all be religious. Doubt is a cheap way of advertising your sins. The way to be religious is to do what God tells you to do. If a man will do this he will know the truth; he will know of the doctrine. He will know it for himself. Now, what does God want us to do? "Cease to do evil and learn to do well." It is the will of God that we repent. It is the will of God that we accept salvation on His terms. "If a man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine." Here the evangelist made an earnest appeal to the sinners in the congregation to come to God. The appeal had a great effect on the congrega-

tion, and when Mr. Jones asked those who would promise to join some church at the first opportunity to give him their hands seventy-five people came forward and promised to unite with some one of the various churches of the city.

## SOME OF HIS SAYINGS.

Sin is the tap-root of doubt. An agnostic is a fellow who don't know anything. I pity the poor tool.

I have only one argument against dancing. There is not a church member in the world who dances who is worth killing.

I know when grass suits my c.w. If it don't suit her I know I must either move that cow or prepare to haul off some bones.

What would you ask for your dancing church members, brother? Ten cents a dozen? The same price of rotten eggs in hot weather.

When I see one of these dudines I am afraid to spit in ten feet of her for fear I will drown her.

I hate theology and botany, but I love religion and flowers.

A creed is the skin of truth set up and stuffed with sawdust.

God's broad gauge starts at conviction; the first stop is conversion, second obedience, third brotherly love and fourth generosity. Ninety-nine out of every hundred passengers jump off when they get to generosity.

## Specimen Cases.

T. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Spoker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters and one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at Owen & Moore's Drug Store.

## A VERY LARGE CROWD.

Fully Ten Thousand People in Clarksville Sunday.

Clarksville was full to running over yesterday with people to hear Sam Jones. They came from every direction and in every conceivable way. The Mineral train found it necessary to make two trips to accommodate the people who wanted to come from the south side. The Princeton train had four large coaches on it and each was crowded almost to suffocation. It is estimated that fully ten thousand people were here and it was the most orderly crowd that has been in Clarksville in many days. A great many of them took dinner at the hotels, some brought it with them and others dined with friends in the city. People living twenty miles from town remained over to the night service and went home afterward.

## CLARKSVILLE DISTRICT.

Tennessee Conference—First Round of Quarterly Meetings.

Antioch, Nov. 7.  
Mallory's Chapel, Nov. 11.  
Ashland City, Nov. 12, 13.  
St. Bethlehem, Nov. 15.  
Sellersville, Nov. 16.  
Cedar Hill, Nov. 17.  
Wartrace, Nov. 19, 20.  
Springfield, Nov. 24, 27.  
Mount Carmel, Dec. 3, 4.

## Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Owen & Moore.

## Just Received

The finest and largest stock of piece goods ever brought to this market. Gentlemen wishing first-class work will do well to call on me. All work guaranteed.

Respectfully,  
A. B. PUGH,  
Merchant Tailor.

sept 2 dfr  
Weak women and weak children can take Dr. Mendenhall's Ague Cure for Chills and Fever and scarcely know it is medicine. No Cure! No Pay! No Taste. Sold by Owen & Moore.

## The Place For Good Things.

Young & Leach have just received a lot of dressed chickens, country sausage, wild ducks, fresh oysters and beef tongues. Telephone them your orders quick.

Marked by R. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich.: "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatism." Sold by Tudhope Drug Co.

Ladies, bring your little girls and get them a nice little jacket. Age four to ten years. Respectfully, sep 21, dkw MRS. ROSENFELD.

Handsome stock of cloths in the city at Howerton & Macrae's. n3,d2w

## IMMENSE ORE DOCKS.

BUSY SCENES AT THE PORTS OF LAKE ERIE.

Millions of Tons of Michigan Iron Ore Find Their Way to Cleveland, Ashland and Erie—Interesting Information About a Gigantic Industry.

## (Special Correspondence.)

CLEVELAND, Sept. 29.—When the great transportation hall of the Columbian exposition next year is filled with representations of systems and methods of moving the world's products it will have few that will surpass in unique and peculiar interest the sight that may be seen daily at the ore ports of Lake Erie.

The discovery of extremely rich and almost inexhaustible deposits of Bessemer ore in the Lake Superior districts a quarter of a century ago, as well as more recently, has been followed by the growth of a commerce that is unrivaled of its kind in the world, and nowhere to



FEELING AN ORE STRAMER.

day will such mountains of rich ore be found heaped ready for the transforming fire of the furnaces as at Cleveland, Ashland, Fairport and Buffalo and at South Chicago, on Lake Michigan.

The ore being less bulky than coal can be carried farther than the coal in the journey toward each other, so that but little ore is reduced in the upper peninsula of Michigan. Much of it meets the coal at Chicago and Cleveland, but the greater part is carried to the Mahoning valley and western Pennsylvania furnaces. As the lakes are open for navigation but seven months in the year, it is necessary to find a storage place for the ore required to supply the furnaces during the winter months. Accordingly at Cleveland, Ashland and Fairport miles of docks have been built, lining the narrow rivers that put into the lake at these points, and here during the summer is unloaded hundreds of thousands of tons of iron ore and gradually forwarded to the furnaces by rail.

It is almost impossible to appreciate the magnitude of this great traffic without a walk along the docks between great ranges of iron ore hills twenty, thirty and forty feet in height, only a few railroad tracks separating them like narrow valleys, and overhead a great steel frame work of ore hoisting machines. The rattle of the steel buckets as they are raised from the holds of great black hulled vessels by the docks and go creaking on the cantilevers back to whatever point the engineer has elected to dump them involuntarily as they rush backward and forward over his head.

Half hidden behind the ranges of red, brown or sparkling gray ore, the colors varying with the quality, are the busy engines operating each a different machine, puffing and hissing away, adding a familiar element to the strange scene. Now a train of flat cars comes creeping along, drawn by a snoring switch engine. In each car are a dozen fills of those great ton buckets, looking like such a light load as compared with the heaping coal cars, so usual in other places, yet testing the strength of the gondolas quite as fully. A red dust rises and falls and the laborers are covered with it. Their clothes are ochreous red, boots the color of the tanbark piles they knew as leather, and sweat-furrows are down their dusty faces and through their tinted beads.

The unloading of a vessel—one of these docks is rapid work. All the lake ore carriers have six and many of them eight hatches, and when they come to the dock a hoisting machine is put to work in each. The great buckets are filled below, while the others are drawn up and emptied, sometimes being carried back on the overhead railway of the cantilevers 300 feet or more. Thus it is possible to take 2,000 tons—enough to load 150 ordinary flat cars—from a vessel in six or eight hours.

At present the activity on the ore docks, whether at Cleveland, Fairport or Ashland, is almost at its height. The latter point being nearer many furnaces and having a straight river channel receives the most ore of any port on Lake Erie, usually running 1,800,000 tons or more annually.



OUTER END OF CANTILEVER.

Cleveland ranks second, her receipts exceeding 1,500,000 tons, while Fairport is third, with 1,100,000 or more. Buffalo, Lorain and a few other points receive small amounts. The ore comes principally from Escanaba, Mich., on Lake Michigan (Green Bay); Marquette, Mich.; Ashland, Wis., and Two Harbors, Minn., on Lake Superior. The river frontage of the docks here is longer than at any other Lake Erie point, but they are not so deep, and have not as great a proportionate storage capacity as at Ashland and Fairport, where land near the river is much less valuable and more easily obtained.

Few persons can appreciate what 1,500,000 tons of ore means without having it put in some more familiar shape. The docks at this port, where that amount or more is received every year, have a river frontage of over two miles, and are from 100 to 200 feet deep. Here

is heaped hills of fine red and brown hematite, like so much ochreous gravel, or the coarser lumps of sparkling gray magnetic ore, varying widely in quality and price.

The casual observer as he walks along can distinguish but four or five, or at most half a dozen, grades of ore, but experts know that these immense conical piles are strictly classified, and that upward of eighty different grades have their place in the market lists. But how much is 1,500,000 tons of ore? Loaded on flat cars thirty-five feet long and carrying fifteen tons each, it would make a train 700 miles long, or more than five times the distance from Cleveland to Pittsburgh! Yet this is but about one-third the iron ore laid down at Lake Erie ports every summer. The total would more than fill two trains of such flat cars extending from Chicago to New York city!

Besides this great ore traffic, which annually amounts to \$20,000,000 or more in value, there is shipped from the ports of Lake Erie an immense amount of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, to Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth and smaller points, where it is stored for shipment farther west during the winter months. This requires a very different set of docks, and in extent they exceed the ore docks. Cleveland leads in the amount of bituminous coal shipped, handling over 1,000,000 tons annually.

The coal docks are over two miles in length, but narrow, and the coal is usually loaded directly from the cars by means of derricks that handle great buckets holding half a ton or more. The work is slower than that of loading ore or unloading it, but a new device has just been erected here that promises to make it easy to dump a whole carload into a vessel at once, and if it succeeds the work will be greatly expedited. Without this the Cleveland docks can handle 1,000 ordinary carloads of coal a day, and the total shipments from the port each year reaches 30,000 carloads, or enough to make a train over 450 miles long! Nothing could better illustrate the magnitude of these great interests than that stupendous fact.

When, in addition to what goes from Cleveland, the large shipments from Toledo, Sandusky, Ashland, Erie and Buffalo are considered the aggregate reaches an amount as amazing as that of the ore traffic.

Both ore and coal docks gather an added interest when one thinks of their varied and close relations to the comfort and industry of the central west and great northwest, and what appears at first as only strange and unusual becomes richly suggestive of the great age of steel in which we live, of the wonderful development of the lake region and especially the northwest, and of the amazing increase in recent years in transportation facilities and their even more amazing cheapness.

SAMUEL G. MCCLURE.

## Joel Barlow.

(Special Correspondence.)

REDDING, Conn., Sept. 29.—Aside from their interest as the theater of many notable events in Revolutionary times, these rock ribbed hills possess a charm for the student of literature also. On one of the broadest of them was born, in the year 1754, Joel Barlow, the most widely known of early American poets, author of the ambitious epic, "The Columbiad," and in the early days of the republic "a man of might." The poet's father tilled a farm of 175 acres, and Joel became thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of colonial husbandry.

The old Barlow homestead was demolished in 1823, and local antiquaries can merely locate its site in the western part of the town. But the old tavern—roadhouse and postoffice combined—where at one time the poet lived, and in the upper front chamber of which he wrote, still stands in West Redding. It has suffered no material change. In it, we are told, Barlow and nearly old Putnam frequently enjoyed good cheer, both social and bibulous. The neat farmhouse into which the old roadhouse has been metamorphosed is painted a bright yellow and stands on the old Danbury post road. Near it flows the Sangstock river, here but a brook. The barroom was in the northeast corner, and back of the bar was a wine closet closed by a glass door. A quaint sight is the old fashioned smokehouse, which still remains unaltered in the garret by the side of the enormous chimney. Hams and bacon were hung high in those days.

This Columbian year makes the reading of Barlow's epic timely, not alone in the year of Columbus' "vision" therein described, but also to show how far we have advanced in poetic composition since Barlow wrote. The "Columbiad" is the perfected version of an earlier poem by the same author, called the "Vision of Columbus," written ere Barlow had gained such distinction in other ways as a diplomat, general writer and man of affairs. The scheme of each poem is substantially the same, Columbus, the discoverer, being represented as a seer who discourses at length concerning the trials, triumphs and future greatness of the New World. The events of the Revolution occupy a prominent part in the work, and Barlow has noted many incidents connected with the localities and men that were specially familiar to him.

A short distance from the old building is the site of the first Methodist camp ground in New England, established about 1810. The tents were very primitive then, often only branches of trees or blankets stretched on poles. Above the valley to the east is a high ridge called "Gallows hill," from the execution of a spy and a deserter there by Putnam's orders. When Barlow lived nearby the hill, then baply of less ominous name, was covered with a thick forest growth. Now it is mostly cleared and gone to barrenness. A few stunted bushes crop out here and there. Spring lends a brief freshness to the vegetation, which soon disappears, and ere long the blood red sunnys flames in the sun and the withered grasses away in the strong winds, all the work of the unfavored name, the opposition will say.

ALBERT J. POTTER.